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THE

GUERRILLA CHIEF.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

INSCRIBED TO ANNIE HOWARTH.

BY HER MOTHER,

E. CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

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29 March 52

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CHARACTERS.

FRANCIS HAROLD WILLARD, the Guerrilla Chief.

WALTER RUSSELL, a Captain of Union Volunteers.

FARMER WILSON, a strong Unionist, and his sons,
DICK, HARRY and WILLIE.

FARMER RUSSEL, Father to Frank.

PETE, a Colored Servant of the Willards'.

PAT DOYLE, a Private under Willard.

HAL, an Officer under Willard.

HANS, a Union Dutchman.

HARRIS, a Private under Walter.

MICKEY, a Baggage Man of the Union.

REV. THOMAS WORTH, a Minister.

DR. CORLUNS.

DEBBY, a Nurse of the Willards'.

BIDDY, a Servant of Farmer Wilson's, and Wife of Pat
Doyle, and Sister of Mickey.

MRS. RANDOLPH, a Boarding School Keeper, Aunt to
Frank.

LAURA WILSON, only Daughter of Farmer Wilson.

MARY, }
ADA, }
JENNIE, } Neighbors of the Wilsons'. Ada, after-
 } wards, Harry's Wife.

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ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*In the Parlor of a Boarding School in the South. Frank Willard pacing the floor nervously.*

Enter Pete. [R.]

PETE. Mas'r Frank, Missus say she be down in one minit. Does you know what dat means?

FRANK. Of course I do, sixty-seconds.

PETE. Yah, yah, yah. Mas'r Frank you had no 'sperence in de ways of de women. You is ignorant as a chile, for sure.

FRANK. Enlighten me, then.

PETE. Does you mean dat I tell you my 'sperence of dem?

FRANK. Yes.

PETE. Well, you see, when a lady say a minute she mean five minutes, most always, "but dare is no rule wid out 'ceptions," and it is de high and breat of wisdom to understand de 'ceptions. Wid Missus it be five minutes, wid Miss Laura a half hour, shure, when Mas'r Frank come. Yah, yah, yah.

FRANK. Pete, I don't understand you.

PETE. Just what I say before, in de ways of de women, you as ignorant as a chile. Dos't you see Mas'r Frank dat de longer de lady keep you waiting, de more she lub you. Yah, yah, yah. Does you understand now. He be a wise man dat understand de 'ceptions.

FRANK. Deceptions, indeed.

PETE. When my Dinah fell in lub wid dat udder nigger, 'fore I could git in de door, she would shout out, what de debil you here for. You git out, 'fore I break your head. Dare come Missus.

[*Exit Pete.*]

Enter Mrs. Randolph. [R.]

MRS. RANDOLPH. (Embracing Frank.) My dear Nephew, how happy I am to see you. You received my letter?

FRANK. Yes, and that is why I am here. How is Laura?

MRS. RANDOLPH. Not sick, but very much troubled by the rumors of approaching war. I told her that you were here and she has gone to her room.

FRANK. (Aside.) A good chance to find out how much she cares for me, supposing Pete's theory to be correct.

MRS. RANDOLPH. Well, what have you decided on?

FRANK. As regards Laura, I would marry her to-morrow, if she would consent.

MRS. RANDOLPH. And—

FRANK. Failing in that, I will obtain her promise to marry me as soon as the South has obtained her rights. Laura will never break her word.

MRS. RANDOLPH. And about yourself.

FRANK. I am ready at an hour's notice to march with my company.

MRS. RANDOLPH. If war should be declared, I would have to break up my school. Several of the young ladies have left already. And I do not know the hour that Miss Lanra's father or brother may arrive. Suppose you take Pete with you, I shall have nothing for him to do.

FRANK. Agreed.

MRS. RANDOLPH. Now let me give you a little advice. Don't mix love with politics. I know, from the letters Laura receives, that the Wilsons are strong Unionists; so do not shock her by expressing sentiments abhorrent to her principles. It is an old saying, that men lose their hearts through their eyes, and woman through their ears. Be wise, and success attend your wooing. I will call Laura.

FRANK. Well, every one seems to give me good advice. They always did. I ought to be a Solomon, for sure, as Pete says.

Enter Laura. [R.]

FRANK. O darling, how happy I am to see you again. But you are pale, what has annoyed you?

LAURA. Dear Frank, tell me there will be no war. I think of it all day, and dream of it at night. Oh, what can the South be thinking of, to try to break up this glorious Union of States. Ah, it is a prouder thing to be an American, than it was in olden days to have been a Roman citizen.

FRANK. (Aside.) Confound it, why will women talk of things they don't understand. (Aloud.) Laura dear, let not your heart be troubled. Fear not but all will be well.

LAURA. Would that I could think so, but letters from the North, and the papers here, have filled me with fearful apprehensions. Do you know I am going home.

FRANK. Aunt informed me that you had been sent for, but you will not go dearest, my heart is in your keeping, let me put a marriage ring on this white hand, and no power that is in the law, can take you from me.

LAURA. No, no, when I am married, it will be with the full approbation of my family. No secret marriage for me. We can wait, and when you come to my father's house, you will be sure of a hearty welcome. But why do you wear a brow so gloomy, do you doubt my love?

FRANK. I do not doubt you, but I have a foolish feeling, that if I lose you now, I lose you forever.

LAURA. Truly a foolish feeling.

FRANK. Give me your promise, Laura, that you will marry no one, unless you marry me.

LAURA. Why, how superstitious you are getting.

FRANK. Promise.

LAURA. (solemnly,) I promise.

FRANK. Whatever may occur, I hold you to this promise.

Enter Pete. [B.]

PETE. Mas'r Frank, dar's a man in de hall dat 'sists on seeing you right away, on 'portant business.

FRANK. Tell him to come in—sit still, Laura. [*Exit Pete,*]

Enter Pat Doyle, (with military salute.)

PAT. Captain, I am sorry to intrud, but I was sint to put this letther in your own hands.

FRANK. (To Laura) Please excuse. (Opens the letter, and reads excitedly.)

PAT. (Aside.) Is'nt she the lovely creature; I wonder is the captain married, now.

FRANK. (To Laura.) I am summoned to active duty, to repel, if need be, the northern hordes gathering on our border. I must march with my company at once.

LAURA. (Rising.) Northern hordes—I do not understand.

FRANK. I may as well tell you at once, that I am on the side of the South, body, soul and fortune.

LAURA. (Putting her hand to her head,) Surely I am dreaming.

PAT. (Aside,) So that's the way the cat jumps, is it.

FRANK. (To Pat.) Go now, I will be with you presently. [*Pat Exit.*] (To Laura.) Now darling, how silly you are. This is but a difference of opinion, that is but trifling after all. You do not understand the merits of the case. (Attempts to put his arm around her, and is angrily shaken off.)

LAURA. I understand that you are an enemy to the Union, that is enough, Stand back, sir, do not touch me. And I loved you so well, thought you so noble and patriotic—and you a rebel.

FRANK. Rebel—was not Washington called a rebel by his enemies, because he rebelled against tyranny and injustice; in this light, I am proud to be called a rebel. Rebel is a term that will bear different constructions. If Washington had failed, he *might* have been hung for rebelling against lawful authority. He succeeded, and is *The Father of our Country*. The South has been domincered over and insulted beyond bearing. Her property stolen from her. Her territory invaded. Her laws broken. And when we demand redress, we are called rebels.

LAURA. Mr. Willard, I could answer you at every point, but what would be the use. You know as well as I do that you have not stated the case correctly. It matters not now.

This has gone beyond argument. Henceforth we will be as far apart as are our principles. Good bye, sir. [*Exit.*]

FRANK. Laura, Laura. (Then pacing the floor excitedly.) What have I done?

Enter Mrs. Randolph. [*R.*]

MRS RANDOLPH. What have you done, indeed? Ruined your prospects, blasted your hopes—that is what you have done. You might have won her, and her fortune.

FRANK. The Devil! excuse me, aunt, but you would make a saint swear—haven't I told you, many a time, that I do not care for her fortune, I care for her.

MRS RANDOLPH. And you have lost her.

Enter Pete. [*R.*]

PETE. A gentleman come for Miss Laura.

MRS. RANDOLPH. Her father or brother, I suppose. [*Exit*]

PETE. Mas'r Frank, what hab gone wrong wid you?

FRANK. Everything.

PETE. What is Miss Laura crying for?

FRANK. (Stopping in his walk,) Crying!

PETE. Mas'r Frank. I knows you is in a heap of trouble, and I knows too, that a woman is at de bottom of it. I like Miss Laura, but you neber hab luck wid de women, and you take my advice, Mas'r Frank, and keep clear ob dem.

PETE, (Going out, turns quickly back) I forget to tell you, Mas'r Frank, dat dat soldier fellow is waiting in front ob de door, for you.

FRANK. True, I had forgotten, I must leave instantly. I will write to Laura, and try to smoothe matters over. What is her father's address, I wonder? No matter, I cannot wait for it now.

FRANK. I say, Pete, did you ever have to eat humble pie?

PETE. What kind ob pie is dat, Mas'r Frank?

FRANK. A kind of pie that does not agree with me, but I shall have to eat a large piece of it, before this quarrel is made up. Good bye, Pete. Tell your mistress I have gone. [*Exit.*]

PETE. Well, dat must be de curus pie, dat he could'nt eat, for ebber since I know'd him, I nebber did see de pie dat he could'nt eat.

End of Act First.

Curtain Falls. Tableau.

ACT II.—THE BORDER HOME.

SCENE. I—*Evening. Kitchen in Farmer Wilson's. Friends and Neighbors discussing the probabilities of War.*

FAR. WILSON. Friends, we are holding our breaths, not daring to speak above a whisper, lest the threatened storm should burst upon our beloved country. Oh, let no careless hand unloose the blood hounds of war. Let no overt act give excuse for violence. The South will come to her senses I am sure. Let us wait.

FAR. RUSSELL. I am sorry to differ with you, my old friend, but to wait quietly, while our enemies are arming, is an act of weakness that I fear will cost us dear.

WALTER. Mr. Wilson, Father, will you allow me to give my opinion in this case. The South means war; she has been preparing for it for years. The treachery of Floyd, and the temporizing policy of the government in Washington, seems to be playing into the hands of the South. She is ready to strike, and will strike, whether the excuse be Lincoln's election, John Brown's raid, or the runaway slaves, it matters not. She means war, and if we want peace, we will have to conquer it.

HARRY. I agree with you Walter, but father cannot see it in this light.

WILLY. Let us have a flag any how. There is no harm in showing our colors. (To Laura.) Lolly bring down that striped red and white spread, and I'll make some stars. Let Walter and Harry pick out a tree, and Dick you prepare a speech, and Lolly will sing a song, and every one must join in the chorus, and we'll have a flag of our own.

LAURA. What a noisy boy you are, Willy.

DICK. But jesting aside, Father ought we not throw the flag of our country to the breeze. You are not willing for us to enlist yet, and though it is hard to see our neighbors marching to the defence of that flag, while we stay at home, we obey you. Friends and Neighbors, with Father's consent, I invite you to the raising of the star-spangled banner, the day after to-morrow. (Cheers.)

WILLY. O, if I was only a little bigger, would'nt I like to go to war, and fight for the flag.

WALTER. (To Willy.) As you are now, what would you do if the flag should be insulted and trampled on in your presence.

WILLY. Shoot the man that had done it, as quick as look at him. Walter did you know there was a company of rebels just across the line?

WALTER. Yes, Company A of the Southern Guards, Captain Willard.

ADA. What is the matter with Laura, she is fainting. Willy bring some water, Dick lift up her head.

WALTER. How easily girls are excited, (lifting the window) it is the heat of the room that has overcome her.

ADA. But what has overcome you. You are as white as Laura.

WALTER. (Aside.) My rival.

WILLY. (Hurrying in with water.) O, you are better, Lolly, I never knew you to faint before, in my born days.

WALTER. Willy, you're sister has been to boarding school, where they take lessons in the art of fainting. Is'nt that so Laura? (Laura tries to laugh but it is a failure.)

FAR. WILSON. Laura have you heard Willy's new song? sing it Willy. (Willy sings.)

WILLY. O, this ain't half the applause I ought to have had, I will never set up for a singer, for singers like prophets, are of no account where they are known.

HARRY. Willy you make terrible work with your quotations, you are almost as bad as Mrs. Partington.

FAR. RUSSELL. Well Farmer Wilson it is about time to bid you good night. I am not so young as I used to be. Laura my pet, good night and God bless you. (Goes out with Walter.)

FAR. WILSON. Well it's about time I went to roost too. There's Willy going asleep on the chairs, pack him off to bed, Laura. Dick see that the doors are fastened before you go to bed. Good night Ada and Mary. (Kisses Laura.) [*Exit.*]

MARY. Well we must go home too. (Girls put on their bonnets and kissing Laura good night, go out with Dick and Harry.)

LAURA. (Waking Willy up.) Willy, Willy, go to bed at once, come dear. (Willy rises slowly, stretching himself.)

WILLY. How long have I been asleep, have they all gone? well good night Lolly. (Kisses her.)

LAURA. Willy my darling little brother. (Puts her arm around him.) Do you always say your prayers before you go to bed, you know you promised mother you would.

WILLY. And I always do Lolly, but sometimes, when I am so tired I think may be it would'nt matter if I should miss just once, and I get into bed, and then I think I wonder if mother sees me, and I jumps out of bed quicker than lightning and kneel down and say my prayers, Lolly how much you are like mother. But say Lolly, what is the matter with you. how you used to laugh, I havent heard you laugh since you came home.

LAURA. Havent you—but see what time it is Willy. O you ought to have been in bed hours ago. Good night, dear, good night. [*Exit Willy.*] (Laura sits down at the table covering her face with her hands. Walter enters and stands looking at Laura.)

WALTER. Laura, (Laura starts up, then sinks back in her chair.) Laura, what has come over you, you are not the same girl you were? Trust me, Laura, with your troubles, you have known me from childhood, and you know that I never betrayed a trust. Your father and brothers do not seem to notice any change in you, but Laura, my old play-mate, you cannot deceive me. Laura, what is it? (Aside,) (Ah! why do I ask, my heart tells me what it is.)

LAURA. Walter, take no notice of me, that would bring the notice of others on me. This trouble is but a passing cloud, that will soon be forgotten, Let us talk of something else.

WALTER. We will. You know, Laura, that is has always been the dearest wish of both families, that some time in the future, we shall be united.

LAURA. Walter, Walter, If you love me, do not speak of such a thing.

WALTER. It is just because I do love, you, that I must speak of it. I may be called at a moment's notice to a post of danger, and I may not have another opportunity of declaring that which has been for years hidden in my heart. Laura, dearest, say you love me.

LAURA. I do love you. I have always loved you with a sisterly affection. Let what has been said be forgotten. Let me keep my dear old Walter, my true friend, the same as ever.

WALTER. Impossible, we can never be again as we have been, it is useless to think it. Laura, Laura, who has won your heart from me? (Laura bends her head over the table, and weeps in silence.) (Walter walks up and down, then stopping near Laura,) I am a brute to torture you so, forgive me, I will ask no more questions. No one need know of this interview. Let us try to be as we have always been. Good-night, and blessings on you. [Exit]

LAURA. Poor Walter and poor me.

SCENE 2.—*The Raising of the Flag.*

FARMER WILSON. My friends, there must be some mistake in the news that reached us this morning—that fort Sumpter had been fired on. No citizen of these States would be so foolhardy as to fire on the star-spangled banner. When it was insulted by a foreign foe, north and south, east and west, sprang to arms. Oh! I cannot believe that any of the States seriously contemplate withdrawing from a Union so glorious. Let no sacrilegious hand touch the flag that shelters the homesteads of the freest and happiest people on the face of the earth. (Cheers.)

Now for the song. Then the dance. Then supper.

Song—Red, white and blue.

WILLY. Come, Lolly, you must be my partner—won't dance! Oh! what shall I do? Biddy, Biddy, come here, where is she I wonder?

BIDDY. Here I am, Master Willie.

WILLY. Well, leave the supper to take care of itself. We are going to have a dance, and you must be my partner.

(Music strikes up, and away they go. At the end of the dance the farmer calls them in to supper. As they go into the house a company of rebels appear on the scene.)

CAPTAIN. Halloo! The house there.

FAR. WILSON. (Appears at the door,) What is wanted?

CAPTAIN. Take down that flag.

FAR. WILSON. What?

CAPTAIN. Take down that flag.

FAR. WILSON. What for?

CAPTAIN. Will you take it down?

FAR. WILSON. No, unless you can give me a good reason.

CAPTAIN. Then I will fire on it.

FAR. WILSON. Fire on the star-spangled banner, (Holding up his hand towards the flag, in surprise,) what do you mean?

CAPTAIN. Just what I say. If you do not take down this flag, at once, I will fire on it. That ought to be plain enough.

FAR. WILSON. Well, it ought to be, but I cannot see it. Give me a good reason why the flag should be taken down, and I will take it down at once.

WILLY. Father, they are rebels.

FAR. WILSON. Rebels! Then touch that flag at your peril. Women, I charge you to keep within doors. Dick, Harry, come to the defense of your flag.

WILLY. And me too, father, (running and putting his arms around the pole, where the others quietly range.)

CAPTAIN. Once more, will you take it down?

FAR. WILSON. No.

(They fire on the flag but it does not fall. Instantly the Wilsons turn and fire on the soldiers. It is returned with murderous effect. Farmer Wilson falls, then Harry, lastly Dick. Willy still clinging to the staff, when the flag falls. and Willy, with a cry of pain, "help Lolly, help," sinks on the fallen flag. The door is opened, and Laura rushes out, and clasping Willy in her arms, she turns on the paralyzed officer, who has dropped his sword at the sight.)

FRANK. Laura, Oh, my God!

LAURA. Yes, you do well to take that name. Rebel, traitor, murderer as you are. (Turning to Willie,) Oh! Willy, my poor baby brother, would I could have saved you. Willy, Willy, Willy, Lolly's darling, what shall I do without you.

(During Laura's speech, the rebels file hurriedly off the stage, and Yankee Doodle is heard in the distance, and Walter's men rush in. Dick raises his head, then falls back.)

WALTER. Laura, Willy, Oh! great heavens! Who has done this?

LAURA. (Lifting her head from Willy's body and pointing to Frank,) Behold the man! (At the same moment Walter lifts his rifle. Frank advances and bares his breast—a pause—and Walter slowly lowers his rifle.)

WALTER. I cannot, no, I cannot shoot an unarmed man. Soldiers, secure him.

Curtain falls on Act Second. Tableau.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Kitchen in the Border Home, at night. (Biddy on her knees telling her beads. Pat appears at the window and taps.)*

BIDDY. (Rises and cautiously approaches the window.) I wondher now what that is? A Banshee I'll be bound. Do Banshees tap at windows, I wonder? (The window is slowly raised a little, and a low voice whispers, Biddy.)

BIDDY. Shure its Pat.

PAT. Open the door, Biddy, or will I come in by the windy?

BIDDY. Come in as a man ought to, not like a thief in the night. (Opens the door and Pat enters.) Now give me a satisfactory account of yerself, or ye go out of this, quicker than you came in.

PAT. Shure ye'l let a fellow sit down. (Sits down.)

BIDDY. (Taking stock.) And what kind of clothes have you on, shure its the same suit, bariin the goold lace, that the villain up stairs has on.

PAT. (Aside—He is here.) Whisht, whisht, why do you spake so loud?

BIDDY. (Speaking as if to herself, but loud enough for Pat to hear.) Ah! Why do I spake so loud? Me kind ould Masther, with just the breath in him; Mister Harry and Dick badly wounded, and poor Master Willy—well, he has gone where there is no more pain or trouble. (Wrings her hands and weeps—starting suddenly,) Pat, off with you, you can come again when this throuble is over. Shure I don't know the minute some of the watchers would be in, so be off with you.

PAT. Biddy, I have no time for blarney. Listen, when I left you, a year ago—

BIDDY. And how did you lave me? You villain, with two black eyes, a broken nose, and not a penny in my pocket. For two pins, I'd tear the eyes out of you.

PAT. Ah! Shure you wouldn't now, considther it was the fault of ould Alcohol.

BIDDY. And whose ould Alcohol?

PAT. (Aside—Do ye hear her, now?—Aloud,) An ould rascal that has brought more trouble to me than you could think of. But let that pass. As I said before, when I left you, I went farther South, but my ould enemy waylaid me, and before I was aware, I was listed in the army.

BIDDY. What army?

PAT. The army of the South.

BIDDY. Then its a rebel ye are? (Opening the door with a threatening gesture.)

PAT. Not in me heart—far from it. I wish the Devil had the whole of them. But shure what can I do? I'd be shot if I ran away. (Aside—What am I to do, the time I am wasting with that woman, I must make a bold dash.) Biddy, is the captain wounded?

BIDDY. What, that murtherous villain above? No,

PAT. Well, then I want you to let him out.

BIDDY. Let him out. (Lifting hands and eyes in astonishment.)

PAT. Come, Biddy, dear, I see there's a bunch of keys here, will you let him out, or shall I do it myself?

BIDDY. Nayther. (Picking up an axe, and putting her back to the stair door.) Pat. Doyle, I'll see if a murthurer shall be set free at your bidding, if you come near me, I'll split you down.

PAT. Biddy, I shall have to tell you a secret, but you must promise not to tell. Your mistress is the captain's wife. She was married to him when she was at boarding school.

BIDDY. (Dropping the axe.) Pat. Doyle, is this the sober truth you are telling me?

PAT. Iv coorse it is, I haven't had a drink of whiskey for a week. You see, Biddy, she loves him in spite of all, and it would kill her to have him shot, which he will be if he dos'nt escape to night. And you see he did'nt know that it was her home that he was coming to.

BIDDY. Pat the room is just over this, here is the key, you can go up yourself, and what the eye don't see, the heart won't grieve for. (Goes out.) (Pat goes up stairs.)

SCENE 2—*Morning. Farmer Wilson's death chamber. Laura kneeling at the side of the bed.*

LAURA. Father, Father, this is more than I can bear. Poor little Willy brutally murdered, and the man I loved more than life, his murderer, O, may the curse—

FAR. WILSON. (Putting his hand on her lips.) Vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord. Laura I know you love me, and I want you to do something for me before I die.

LAURA. What is it darling father?

FAR. WILSON. Laura, I want you to set this man free, he is not so much to blame, after all; Laura, can you refuse my last request?

Enter Biddy.

BIDDY. (In a half whisper.) Miss Laura that man has escaped.

FAR. WILSON. (Solemnly.) Thank God, Laura my love, say Amen.

Enter Farmer Russell.

FAR. RUSSELL. (Going to the bed-side.) How are you this morning, old friend.

FAR. WILSON. I am near the end of my journey, and all is well with me.

FAR. RUSSELL. Laura, my pet, how is it with you, I hear that scoundrel has escaped.

LAURA. He has.

FAR. WILSON. Laura, leave us alone, my old friend and I, I will call for you soon. (Laura and Biddy goes out.)

FAR. WILSON. My worldly affairs are nearly settled. I want you to take charge until Dick or Harry has recovered. I want Willy to be buried with me. Try to comfort Laura. I am dying, call Laura. (At the call of Farmer Russell, Laura rushes in and kneels by the bed-side, a moment after Dick staggers in, and kneels by Laura.)

FAR. WILSON. Where are they, I cannot see them, O, I see them now, Laura, Richard, Harry, Willy, and there is their mother, all united at last. God bless you all. (He tries to lift his hand.) Children sing my favorite hymn and let me sleep. (They sing. Near the end of the hymn the door is softly opened and the doctor approaches the bed-side, looks at the closed eyes, feels the heart, then covers the face and turns away.) Music.

End of Act Third.

Curtain Falls. Tableau.

ACT IV.—THE OLD HOMESTEAD, Two Years after.

SCENE I.—*Ada sitting sewing*

HARRY. (Enters limping.) Where is Laura?

ADA. Gone to the village with Jennie.

HARRY. When will she be back?

ADA. She has only just gone.

HARRY. All right (sits down,) now we can have a quiet talk. Do you know I am very uneasy about Laura.

ADA. So am I. She was well enough as long as she had you to care for, but since we were married she has drooped visibly.

HARRY. What can be the cause.

ADA. I think I know the cause, she has nothing to do but think, she will do one of two things before long, go into the hospital to nurse the wounded, or into the grave.

HARRY. Do you think she cares for Walter.

ADA. Yes, but she will never marry him.

HARRY. Why.

ADA. Because she gave her promise to that rebel officer who shot your father.

HARRY. But that promise was given under a mistake.

ADA. Yes, but that does not alter the case with Laura.

HARRY. What can be done.

ADA. I do not know unless you let her have her own way.

HARRY. And let her go into a hospital.

ADA. There they come, the threatened shower has driven them back.

HARRY. Say nothing of what we were talking of.

Enter Laura and Jennie talking.

JENNIE. O, I do love brave men, even if they are as bad as they can be. If I am ever married; I will be married to a brave man. Laura, I wonder if Moseby is married.

HARRY. Yes, Moseby is married, but there is plenty of such heroes, and you can find them no doubt before you are old enough to marry.

JENNIE. (Turning up her nose.) I am old enough to fall in love.

HARRY. With Moseby?

JENNIE. Not particularly with Moseby, but with rebels in general.

HARRY. I suppose, sister Jennie, that you would'nt look at such men as Dick and Walter, would you now?

JENNIE. Dick and Walter, such common men, no indeed, I wouldn't. They may do for Laura and Mary, but for me, I beg to be excused. Ada, I am going over home, good bye.

Enter Biddy with a Letter.

BIDDY. Misther Harry, will you read this letter? I think it's from Pat, and I havent heard a word from him since he went off with the rebels. I hope he is not dead, for it would break my heart for him to die before I could pay off ould scores. (Harry reads the letter.) It is not from Pat., then?

HARRY. No, it is from your brother, Michael Moran. He wants you to come to him at once. He has saved some money, and he has invested it in notions for the soldiers at

camp. He has also charge of a supply train, for the government, and he says he can make his fortune if you will join him.

HARRY. Biddy, what are you going to do?

BIDDY. Shure I must go. I may never have another chance to make my fortune.

LAURA. Harry and Ada, I am going with Biddy, if she will permit me. I will die if I remain here. The hospitals need nurses. I must go.

BIDDY. Just my opinion, Miss Laura, you have been moping about till you've lost all spirit. Trust to me, Miss Laura, and you'll see how I'll protect you.

HARRY. But what will your brother say to this, Biddy?

BIDDY. What do I care what he says. He would no more face the rebels, than he would so many wild beasts, without me to back him. *[Exit Biddy.]*

LAURA. Harry, my dear brother, if you love me, do not put obstacles in my path.

HARRY. Laura, you know I would pour out my heart's blood for you; but think of the dangers, the hardships that you will have to undergo. Can you not rest quietly in a peaceful home, where every one loves you? Laura, darling sister, consider this matter before you decide. *[Exit Laura.]*

Enter Farmer Russell, hurriedly.

FAR. RUSSELL. The rebels have been here again. I saw them coming out of your father's, Ada, five minutes ago. There could have been no one at home. for your father, mother, and Mary went to town this morning, and Jennie is here.

ADA. Jennie is not here, she went home two hours ago.

HARRY. (Rising quickly) I will go and look after her; but here she comes.

Enter Jennie.

JENNIE. O, Harry! O, Ada! What a terrible time I have had. The rebels have been here, and took away everything they wanted; eat up all the cooked meat; demolished preserves; left the barrels running; smashed Jackson's statue; spit on Lincoln; and when I told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves, they boxed my ears and pushed me into a closet and locked the door, and there I was till father and mother came home.

ADA. Didn't you cry?

JENNIE. I'll bet you I did.

HARRY. Jennie, its well you got off as you did. But what did they look like, regular soldiers?

JENNIE. I don't know what they looked like, more like wild beasts than any thing else, no two were dressed alike.

FAR. RUSSELL. Why they were Moseby's men.

JENNIE. O I don't believe it, I don't.

FAR. RUSSELL. Well you may believe it. I saw him but he didn't see me, and I know Moseby as well as I know Harry, there; but I must be gone. Where is my pet, Laura?

ADA. In the garden, I think, come with me, if you want her. *[Exit.]*

HARRY. Well, Jennie, what do you think of your hero, Moseby; don't you like brave men, no matter how bad they are, no matter if they do box your ears and lock you up in a closet? O, wait till Dick and Walter hears this.

JENNIE. *(Putting her arms around Harry's neck.)* O, Harry, you won't write to them about it, will you? I should never hear the last of it. I will never say a word against either of them as long as I live, if you will let this pass.

HARRY. Well, agreed, as long as you keep the peace, I will. *[Exit Jennie.]* Poor Jennie, how a touch of real life tumbles down our castles.

SCENE 2.—*In the Woods at Noon. Soldiers and Teamsters, some asleep, some talking.*

SOLDIER. I say Dutchy give us a song that will make the echoes ring.

HANS. Vel I sings de song dat make what yu call 'um ring and may bee you brings de rebels.

SOLDIER. No danger of rebels around here, go ahead Hans and we'll all join in the chorus. *(Hans sings.)*

MICKEY. *(Hurrying in.)* What the devil are you making such a noise for, don't you know that we are not safe yet, you don't know the minute that infernal Harrold may pounce on us.

SOLDIER. O, Harrold ain't any where around, you are frightened at your own thoughts.

MICKEY. Boys you must stir yourselves if you expect to get to the camp by sundown. *(The men get up slowly, a shot is heard, another, and another, and in an instant armed men rush on the stage.)*

CAPTAIN. Surrender, or we'll blow your cursed brains out.

SOLDIER. To whom are we to surrender.

CAPTAIN. To Harrold. *(The soldiers throw down their arms.)*

HANS. Got in Himmel, dat fellow be one dyvel.

TEAMSTER. *(Aside.)* Gobbled up by thunder.

HANS. *(Aside.)* Mine Got, mine Got, I vishes I vas home mid mine Topy. *(Tries to escape.)*

CAPTAIN. *(In a voice of thunder.)* Where are you going.

HANS. No vares. *(Oh, mine Got, I vishes I vas at home wis mine frow.)*

CAPTAIN. Who has charge of this baggage.

MICKEY. I Sir.

CAPTAIN. Well I'll boss it now. Take your seat and lead, and be quick about it.

MICKEY. I think I have a word to say about it.

CAPTAIN. None of your blasted bother here. Take your seat I tell you.

MICKEY. I don't know how to drive.

CAPTAIN. O, you, don't, I'll see about that, Mat, take this fellow and drill him, and give him the lead, and if he swerves a yard from the path, blow his brains out.

MAT. (To Mickey.) Do you hear the captain's orders. (Mat takes out his pistol, Mickey moves off, Mat following)

CAPTAIN. Hal, have you got their money.

HAL. All right sir.

TEAMSTER. Well it is an infernal shame that a handful of men should take four times their number.

SECOND TEAMSTER. In common cases a Union soldier is more than a match for a rebel, but the terror of this devil's name has paralyzed them

TEAMSTER. Do you know him personally.

SEC. TEAMSTER. That I do to my sorrow.

CAPTAIN. Let each take his post and move on as before. The confounded Yanks will be on us. [Exit all.]

SCENE 3—*The Guerrilla Camp. A room in an old farm house. Pete dusting and putting things to rights.*

PETE. (Talking to himself.) Well mas'r Frank he gone to do debbil for sure, he get worse and worse ebery day he live.

Enter Captain.

CAPTAIN. What's that you say.

PETE. Noting 'cept de room all clean. (Aside, Oh, was'n't dat de narrow 'scape.)

CAPTAIN. (Sitting down.) Well here we are, safe and sound. If we have no beauty we have plenty of booty, that's something. (A pause.) I wonder where my little girl is, or if she ever thinks of me. (Takes out a picture and looks at it thoughtfully.) The only woman I ever loved; If she could see me now, there is hardly a crime I have not committed.

Enter Pete.

PETE. Mas'r Frank, dare be two women in de last wagon, Mas'r Hal say what you going to do wid dem.

CAPTAIN. (In a voice of thunder.) Women—send them adrift, drive them from the camp, do what the devil you please with them, only keep them out of my sight; all my misfortunes have come from a woman, curse them I say.

PETE. Dat's right Mas'r Frank, keep clar of de women for as I tole you when you was a boy, you hab no luck wid dem. [Exit.]

CAPTAIN. Yes, Pete is right, I cannot lie and flatter, if I would, what is in my heart will come out on my tongue.

Enter Pete, Laura following.

PETE. I tells you what Missus, de capton hate all de sex like fire. It goes agin de grain to be rough wid ladies, but de capton's orders must be 'beyd. (Aside, O gorry mighty what shal dis chile do.) I tells you missus you must go dis minute, de capton say so.

LAURA. Excuse me, I did not intend to intrude, I only wanted to thank your captain for his kindness in setting us at liberty, we will go. [Exit.] (At the sound of Laura's voice the captain sprang to his feet.)

PETE. Well da is gone, tank de Lord for dat. [Exit.]

CAPTAIN. (Pacing the room excitedly.) Well this is what I call temptation, many a saint has fallen for less, and I am no saint, I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, as Pat says; I'll see my lady anyhow. Pete, Pete where are you, you black scoundrel come here instantly.

Enter Pete.

PETE. Here Sar, da is gone, da is gone Mas'r Frank.

CAPTAIN. Bring that lady back, do you hear, do not let her escape for your life.

PETE. (Going out.) What the Debbil up? (Pete returning.) Was I to bring de both ob dem back? (Captain taking up a chair to throw at Pete's head;) Thunder and lightning am I to be tormented this way?

PETE. (Going out.) Well I dunno what de debbil I am to do wid de oder. [Exit.]

CAPTAIN. Now comes the tug of war, I wonder how my lady will take it.

Enter Laura.

LAURA. I wish to thank you, sir—(Starting back in alarm on seeing his face.)

CAPTAIN. Be pleased to take a chair. (Hands her a chair, in which she sinks.) You were saying something about thanking me. What for?

LAURA. (Rising) Not for murdering my father and one brother, and making a cripple of another. Oh no! I need not thank you for that. Let me go from your presence, I beseech you, the wild forest is a place of safety, compared to the camp of murderers and out-laws. (Attempts to leave the room and is intercepted by the captain.)

CAPTAIN. Take your seat if you please, this interview is not ended. Do you know me?

LAURA. Yes, as a rebel and a murderer.

CAPTAIN. (With a sneering laugh.) O these are only two of my accomplishments. Would you not like to hear the name I have made famous, and a terror to weak and good people, like yourself? Well, you shall, (lifting his hand as if to touch his hat,) Captain Harrold, at your service,

LAURA. (Springing up as if to escape.) Harrold, the guerrilla. Great heavens!

CAPTAIN. (With a taunting bitterness.) Why how surprised you seem to be, I am not *quite* a match to Quantrel, yet. I thought you did not know me. I was sure you did not; but now that you do know me—What do you think of your case? You are silent; well, you may be; what I am you are the cause. You could have turned me around your finger; could have led me by a hair; but you cast me off with bitter words, and you see what it has come to. There was a time when your lightest wish was law to me. That time has gone, I am master now of you and your fate.

LAURA. Not master of me, nor of my fate. I defy you.

CAPTAIN. Nevertheless, you will obey me, quietly or otherwise, is at your option.

LAURA. You are not going to keep me prisoner, here?

CAPTAIN. No, if you will give me your promise not to attempt to escape, you may go any where around the camp, but I would not advise you to go far out of it. Will you promise?

LAURA. No

CAPTAIN. Then I will only have the trouble of watching you. But what about the promise you made me some years ago—but I need not ask if you have kept it, you dared not break it.

LAURA. Dare not?

CAPTAIN. I repeat, dare not. Your conscience would not let you. You see, my little girl, I know you better than you know yourself. When are you going to marry me?

LAURA. I will never be married to you.

CAPTAIN. Never—Well I am of the opinion that you will marry me within a week.

LAURA. Never.

CAPTAIN. Never. You are as bad as Poe's raven, with his one word, never. (Calls)—Halloo, Pete, where are you?

Enter Pete.

PETE. I'se here, Mas'r Frank.

CAPTAIN. Tell Hal to have the best room in the house fitted up for lady guests, with all the comforts he can command—by the way, who is your companion, Laura?

LAURA. Sir. (In surprise.)

CAPTAIN. Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Wilson, but tell me, who is she?

LAURA. The wife of the man who aided your escape on that awful night.

CAPTAIN. (With a low whistle.) Pat Doyle.

PETE. Missy Laura, fore heben, I did not know yer, no more did Mas'r Frank, you must 'scuse de both of us. [*Exit*]

CAPTAIN. Laura, beg pardon, Miss Wilson, you are weary, I will send Mrs. Doyle to you while I hurry up things to make you comfortable. [*Exit*.]

Enter Biddy.

BIDDY. Bad luck to the day I set out to seek me fortune in baggage wagons. But Miss Laura, what has that man been saying to you? I would have gone in with you but that black rascal wouldn't let me stir a step. Can't you spake, Miss Laura?

LAURA. Yes, but I want to think. Do you know we are in deadly peril?

BIDDY. Of starvation, do you mane?

LAURA. There are worse evils than starvation.

BIDDY. Worse! Well it isn't for me to contradict, but if ye could have heard the stories me mother used to tell about the famine in Ireland, I think there couldn't have been any thing worse.

LAURA. Starvation only kills the body—what of that which kills the soul?

BIDDY. I cannot understand, Miss Laura, I thought the soul couldn't be killed.

LAURA. If I should kill a person in defense of my honor?

BIDDY. "Thou shalt not kill." The catechism says so.

Enters Pat.—Not seeing Biddy.

PAT. I beg your pardon, lady, but the captain ordered me to report to him here, Shure I wondher where he is.

BIDDY. (Taking him by the neck.) You've found *me* any how, you villain, and now I'll have satisfaction. (Shaking him violently.)

PAT. Shure you wouldn't kill me, Biddy?

BIDDY. Wouldn't I, now; I'll bate the black heart out of ye before I'm done with ye. Ye desaver, ye snake in the grass. Havent ye another fine tale to tell about that murderous villain beyant.

PAT. (Aside—What's the use of telling new lies to ould liars; but isn't Biddy the powerful woman—shaking himself in pain) I think I wont wait for the captain. (Attempts to leave. Biddy catches him and shakes him again.)

PAT. Now by the powers, this is more than flesh and blood can stand. Lave loose, I say, or ye'll shake something out of me that ye'll regret as long as ye live. Wait till the captain comes and he'll whale the Devil out of you.

BIDDY. In the maintime, I'll whale the Devil out of you. (Thumping him right and left.) That's for Miss Laura, that's for meself.

PAT. Now Biddy, you'll catch it. I never like to sthrike a woman, and Miss, you'll bear me witness that she was the first to begin it.

LAURA. Biddy, be silent. You, sir, leave my presence, instantly. (Pat goes out, shaking his fist at Biddy.) I'm astonished at you Biddy. You quote the law of God against murder, and a moment after you are ready to murder your husband.

BIDDY. There's the difference between preaching and practice. I couldn't have kept my hands from Pat if I was to have been hung for it.

Enter Captain and Pete.

CAPTAIN. Miss Wilson, Pete will conduct you and your friend to the rooms assigned to you. He will also obey your orders as far as possible. Do not be so foolish as to attempt to escape. You are only safe while you are under my protection.

BIDDY. (Aside—Well, isn't he the fine gentleman, shure butther would'nt melt in his mouth.) [*Exit Pete, Laura, Biddy.*]

CAPTAIN. (Pacing thoughtfully up and down the stage.) I will try once more to get back in the right path, and if I am successful it will save me. Little Laura must be my star to lead me back to peace and happiness. I still think the cause of the South a just one, but how far I have strayed from the path of civilized warfare, I, as a captain of a guerrilla band, alone can know. Once let Laura be mine, and I will turn over a new leaf—but who comes here? my old nurse, as I live. She will help me if any one can. Sit down. Debby, I want to talk to you.

DEBBY. Mas'r Frank, here be de linen.

CAPTAIN. Well, never mind it now. (Aside—How shall I begin?) Aunt Debby, I'm in love.

DEBBY. Noting wrong in dat, Mas'r Frank.

CAPTAIN. And I want to get married.

DEBBY. Whose to hinder ye, Mas'r?

CAPTAIN. The lady of my love does not consent.

DEBBY. Dos'nt she lub you at all.

CAPTAIN. She used to love me.

DEBBY. What came betwixt you.

CAPTAIN. The war.

DEBBY. Where be she now.

CAPTAIN. In the camp here.

DEBBY. You shure you want to marry her in good airnest.

CAPTAIN. I love her, she is the only woman I ever loved, and I would make her mine, heart and soul.

DEBBY. Well you can marry dat lady you lub, if you does as I tells you.

CAPTAIN. I cannot use force with her.

DEBBY. Dares no need for force Mas'r, I has de secret ob a yarb dat does dout force.

CAPTAIN. Will it injure her in mind or body.

DEBBY. Not a bit Mas'r, all de powers are wide awake, 'cept de will, but I must go, if you want dat bottle you can send for it. [Exit.]

CAPTAIN. And that bottle will leave her at my mercy. My God, has it come to this with the woman I love; coward as I am to take advantage of a defenceless girl and compel her to marry me. But there is no drawing back, the power is in my hands, I will use it, I must use it.

“He needs must go, whom the devil drives.”

CAPTAIN. Halloo Pete, halloo there.

PETE. Coming sah.

CAPTAIN. Pete do you know where Aunt Debby lives.

PETE. Of course I does.

CAPTAIN. I want you to go to her and get the medicine she ordered.

PETE. No, no, (shaking his head,) I would do most any thing for you in de living world but go in de house ob dat 'fernal old witch is what I can neber do. Plenty folks hab seen her in de middle ob de night riding on de broom stick.

CAPTAIN. Silence, Debby was my nurse.

PETE. (Aside. Dat counts for you being such a debbil as you is.)

CAPTAIN. You set you this minute and get this medicine.

PETE. Oh, Gorra mighty, what shall I do.

CAPTAIN. Stay, let Pat go with you.

PETE. I'll show him de way Mas'r, and he can go in, I'll tell him its whiskey.

End of Act Fourth.

ACT V.—UNION.

SCENE I—*In the Camps. Captain Russell's Quarters. Walter sitting reading letters.*

Enter Sergeant Wilson.

WILSON. Bad news, Walter, that supply train has been

captured that we looked so hopefully for, captured too by that prince of devils, Harrold.

WALTER. Oh, surely this cannot be true.

DICK. Too true I fear; they do not seem to have a doubt of it at the general's headquarters.

WALTER. Perhaps Laura did not arrive in time for that train.

DICK. Perhaps—but what is the use of hoping against hope, you know and I know, that Laura is in the hands of the Guerrillas. What are you going to do.

WALTER. This news has come like a thunderbolt, I am just trying to collect my scattered senses. When did the news arrive at headquarters? When was this train captured, and where, and what has been done in the case.

DICK. I know nothing about particulars, as you said, I was so thunderstruck at the news that I failed to inquire.

WALTER. I must go at once and ascertain, and must be guided by the information thus gained, in regard to future action. *[Exit Walter.]*

Enter Private Harris, (with military salute.)

HARRIS. I hear, Sergeant Wilson, that your sister is in the hands of Harrold's men, and I thought I would come to you with just one crumb of comfort. Harrold is a reckless fellow, but a brave one at the same time, his men almost worship him, for he does not seem to know what fear is, but whether from early disappointment, or for some other cause, he cannot bear the sight of women. He may keep your sister a prisoner, as a matter of policy, but I feel sure that no other annoyance will be offered her.

DICK. Thank you, private Harris, for the heavy load you have taken from my mind. She is my only sister, and it would break my heart if any evil should befall her, something will be attempted for her rescue, but I can not say what until Captain Russell's return. Where was Harrold's camping grounds, when you were one of his band.

HARRIS. He had no particular place, and that was why when they thought him at a certain place, and troops were sent to take him, they heard of him twenty miles away. Harrold is a noble fellow after all, I will tell you some time how I came to leave his band, but here comes Captain Russell, Sergeant Wilson, good morning. *[Exit.]*

Enter Captain Russell.

WALTER. I have obtained leave of absence, and a company of fifty men to go in pursuit of Harrold, you are to go too, we must set out before noon, Dick make all arrangements that are necessary.

DICK. Are you sick, why do you look so pale, don't take it this way, private Harris says that Laura is safe from insult, and peraps Laura is not there after all.

WALTER. Yes, Laura is there, I had an interview with the man that brought the news to the camp, I expect him every minute, and you will hear what he has to say.

Enter Hans.

HANS. I dond have much long time to stay mid miself, de poys get holt of me, and da say now Hans tell us all about id, speak oud, den I speaks oud, and I tells dat story over and over till my tongue is sore mit de talking.

DICK. Well Hans, if that is your name, tell it just once more.

HANS. Vell von day when ve was lying mit de grass, one of de poys, he say Hans give us de song, and I say no I tinks not, if de rebels hear me sing, da will come, bud de poys say again, de rebels no where around about, sing de song Hans and ve will all go in mit de chorus. Vell den I sings and de poys all vent in mit de chorus, and den dat fellow what da call Micky, come and he say what, de duyval dos you make such a noise far, den he say, poys if you don want to got mit de camp before comes de sun down, you vos better get up, den de poys day get up, and den de guns go off, and den de rebels come in, and den dey take all de monies and if dey say de vord day blow der brains oud.

DICK. Hans were there not two women there.

HANS. Da was mit de wagons, bud I runs away from de whole of dem.

DICK. Then you don't know which way they went, or where they were going to.

HANS. I nebber look back, den I got lost and I nebber have no dinnar. Den when I go to sleep, I dream of krout and schnaps and my wife Sofy, den I find a poy and he prings me to de camp, and dats all apout it.

DICK. Did you see Harold, or was it one of his men?

HANS. It vas de duyvel hisself. *[Exit Hans.]*

DICK. Well, I'll see you again Hans and make it all even, but Walter, what is the matter, you are the color of death. Have you something else that you fear to communicate?

WALTER. I have nothing else except the full name of the guerrilla chief.

DICK. And what is that, I do not remember having heard it.

WALTER. It is Francis Harrold Willard.

DICK. (Springing from his chair.) The man who murdered my father and brother. I thought he was not on the face of the earth, or I would of had some tidings of him, and

now, when I had given up all hope, to have mine enemy in my grasp. O, I am sick with joy of the thought. I have felt like the Indian whose brother's death was unavenged, that each hour reproached me until his destroyer was sent on the same path. But why do I wait, Walter we will soon be ready. (Going out, is called back by Walter.)

WALTER. Dick I ought to say something to you about Laura—

DICK. There, I know just what it is, without you telling me. I have known it all along. Walter, my old friend, I will be proud to call you brother.

WALTER. But—but, it is something else. Laura's secret, I hardly know how to disclose it, but I must for her sake. Dick, Laura loves Harrold.

DICK. Walter, Walter, are you crazy, or are you trying to make me so.

WALTER. It is an old attachment formed while Laura was at boarding school.

DICK. The deuce take boarding schools, I never knew any good of them. But Walter there is something back of this, what is it? What are you aiming at?

WALTER. Dick you would not shoot the man that Laura loves.

DICK. I would shoot the man that murdered my father and brother. I can only attend to one duty at a time. I will forget Laura, till my first duty is completed.

WALTER. And then—

DICK. "Enough for the day is the evil thereof." But what did you intend to do? What use of going at all if you are satisfied the way things are.

WALTER. I am not satisfied, therefore I go. If Laura is safe I cannot murder the man Laura loves. I will take him prisoner, so he can do no more harm, at least for awhile. But if he has insulted her by word or look, then I can not think of such a thing. Dick, let us be gone at once, [*Exit hurriedly.*]

SCENE 2.—*The Guerrilla Camp again.*

CAP. HARROLD. (Walking the floor slowly.) All things work well. The medicine has been administered and the effect has been all that I could wish. Now for putting my machinery in motion—Pete.

PETE. Here sah.

CAPTAIN. Tell Mrs. Doyle I want to see her. [*Exit Pete. Enter Biddy.*] What is the matter with your mistress? Pete tells me she is sick.

BIDDY. Not sick, but just wake in her mind.

CAPTAIN. What is the cause?

BIDDY. Deed I don't know, sir, except it is throuble that has drove her mad.

CAPTAIN. She is not violent?

BIDDY. O no sir, she is as meek as a lamb, no spirit, no mind of her own.

CAPTAIN. Suppose you go to an old woman in the valley, who is skilled in such complaints, and learn what can be done for her.

BIDDY. I would go to the ends of the earth to serve Miss Laura.

CAPTAIN. Well, be here in five minutes for the directions.
[*Exit Biddy.*] Pete.

PETE. Here sah.

[*Exit.*]

CAPT. Call Pat. (Enter Pat.) You go along the valley road and intercept your wife, and don't let her come back for half an hour. Pat, I'm going to be married, and you see Mrs. Doyle may make a disturbance.

PAT. Laughing, all right sir.

[*Exit Pat.*]

Enter Biddy.

CAPTAIN. Now for the directions. Go along the valley road until you come to a sentinel, and he will direct you where aunt Debby lives. Tell her I sent you. [*Exit Biddy.*] Pete, come here. Tell the Rev. Mr. Worth I desire his company. (Enter Mr. Worth.) Are you ready to perform this ceremony?

MR. WORTH. I am ready—but where are your witnesses?

CAPTAIN. I will summon a dozen men to go with us to her room. Is there anything else wanted?

MR. WORTH. You will want the certificate.

CAPTAIN. Of course, and the full names of the witnesses appended.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE. 3.—*The Valley Road—Pat as a Sentinel, pacing up and down. Biddy appears and attempts to pass.*

PAT. Stand, and give the word.

BIDDY. What word? Let me pass, Pat Doyle, I'm in a hurry.

PAT. No you don't. Give the word, or I'll put a bullet through you.

BIDDY. (Aside—Shure the fellow is crazy.) Aloud—Don't you know me, Pat?

PAT. Don't I know you—its just me that *does* know you, yes, knows you well. Dosen't my heart and me head ache, be knowing ye? Stand, I say, (pointing the gun at her,) come a step nearer, and it'll be the worse for you.

BIDDY. (Aside—Shure what am I to do.) Pat, your captain has sent me to get some medicine for Miss Laura.

PAT. Hould your tongue, I tell you, it's only another device of the enemy. For two pins I'd strip every rag off you; for may be it's Lincol'n you are, in disguise. I thought at first I knew you, an old rip that bothered the life out of me for many a year; but be dad you're not the same person.

BIDDY. (Aside—Oh! I wish I was well out of this scrape, Pat is as mad as a March hare; may be it was some unlucky blow that I gave him, that has done it. I must get on the right side of him, for there's danger in his eye.) Pat., dear, don't you know your loving wife, Biddy?

PAT. Yes, I used to have a loving wife, and her name was Biddy; but she's gone long ago, and an ould raspacious has taken her place, who hates me and abuses me—and be the powers, I think she looks like you, and for fear it might be my ould torment, I had bettther put an end to her at once. (Biddy tries to back off.) Come back here, ye divil, or it will be the worse for you. (Points his gun at her.) Down on your marrow bones this minute. Down, I say, and beg my pardon for all ye have done to me. (Biddy crying—I did never think I would could come to this.)

PAT. (Aside—Well, I suppose the captain's half hour is up, or will be by the time Biddy gets back.) I say, Biddy, you may go now, and you'll hear of a wedding when you get back. And another word, darling Biddy—Don't you think we are about even? Ha! Ha!

SCENE 4.—*Same as second—Captain sitting at a table with books and maps.*

Enter Biddy.

BIDDY. O your the fine gentleman, that ye are. I wonder now how you can look dacent people in the face: you thaif of the world. Wasn't it enough for you to lave her without frind or protector; but you must finish with this outrage. Oh! My poor lamb—and I thought I could protect you. (Bursts out crying.)

CAPTAIN. Mrs. Doyle, I am not naturally a patient man, so just be a little careful. I can take a great deal from you on account of your love to your mistress; but I think you have said quite enough. Mrs. Doyle, I wish you a good afternoon. (Hands her out.)

Enter Pete—in a passion,

PETE. Mas'r Frank, what de debbil hab you been doing to Miss Laura? (The captain looks up in surprise at his old servant, then bursts out laughing.)

CAPTAIN. Pete, I think you forget yourself.

PETE. Mas'r Frank, you don't gone and forgot yourself when you get dat infernally old witch to kill Miss Laura.

CAPTAIN. (Springing up.) Silence! (Then walking up and down, as if to get control of himself.) Pete, who said that?

PETE. Why dat woman say dat somebody put something in Miss Laura's tea, and she believes it was you.

CAPTAIN. Is that all?

PETE. No, dat ain't all, eder.

CAPTAIN. Well, go on.

PETE. And I believes it was you.

CAPTAIN. Well, supposing it was me—what are you going to do about it?

PETE. I can't do noting 'bout it, only to give you a piece ob my mind. And dats what I am going to do.

CAPTAIN. That's just what you are not going to do. (Kicks Pete out.) I wonder who will come next to give me a piece of their mind.

Enter Hal, with Countryman.

HAL. Captain, this man has urgent business with you.

COUNTRYMAN. The Union troops are on you. There is no chance for escape. They are within a half mile of the camp.

CAPTAIN. (Starting up. Aside—I knew it, I felt it.) Thanks, my good fellow. If I live, I will not forget you. Hal, see that every one is at his post. [Exit.]

My wife, if I had time to remove her from such a scene. It's too late now. [Exit.]

SCENE 5.—*The soldiers on their way.*

WALTER. Halt! Who have we here?

MICKEY. Are you Union soldiers?

WALTER. Yes. But answer my question without delay. Who are you?

MICKEY. Well sir, I had charge of some baggage for the Union camp, and we was captured by guerrillas.

WALTER. What is your name?

MICKEY. Michael Malone.

WALTER. Dick, come here. This man's name is Michael Malone. Just come from Harrold's camp, where he was taken prisoner with the baggage.

DICK. How far is Harrold's camp from here?

MICKEY. Half a mile.

WALTER. Is Miss Wilson safe?

MICKEY. I suppose so. It was at her wedding I ran away.

WALTER AND DICK. (In a breath.) Her wedding!

DICK. Who did you say she was married to?

MICKEY. I didn't say; but it was Harrold.

DICK. It's an infernal lie.

WALTER. Who performed the ceremony?

MICKEY. A methodist minister—a prisoner in the camp.

WALTER. Who else was witness?

MICKEY. About a dozen people.

WALTER. Did she seem willing?

MICKEY. She said nothing against it.

DICK. Come, Walter, let us proceed; this marriage will not interfere with my plans.

WALTER. Pause and think, Dick. (Puts his hand on Dick's shoulder and it is angrily shaken off.)

DICK. I tell you what, Walter Russell, if I wasn't sure that you were as brave as a lion, I should think by the way you act now that you were afraid to face Harrold.

WALTER. Think what you like, Dick, but I beseech you, do not do a deed that you may regret as long as you live.

DICK. Enough of this. Shall we proceed?

WALTER. As you will. (Aside—I must save him for her sake, even if I lose my own life by it. Ah! what is life since I have lost Laura.) March.

The Conflict.

Union soldiers on one side, Harrold and his men on the other. The firing rapid. They drop one by one, till the field is covered with the dead and dying—last of all, Harrold falls.

Enter Pete.

(Speaking to himself—Day is gone to de oder side of de house. I wonder whare Mas'r Frank is—a groan.) Whose dat? O Mas'r Frank, is dat you? What does you want? Want me to lift up your head? What den, O dat's it! You want Miss Laura, Mas'r? I go for her, right away.

FRANK. Tell her I am wounded—dying—beg her to come.
[*Exit Pete.*]

Slow Music.

Enter Laura, and kneels at his side. Walter appears as if keeping guard, but unseen by Laura.

FRANK. Laura, my love, my wife, forgive me. Forgive me for the sake of those happy days, ere war, with its terrible blunders, had commenced.

LAURA. Frank, never mind that—what can I do for you?

FRANK. Nothing. I will soon be gone, and you will be happy when my troubled life closes. Here is my will and the certificate of our marriage. There will be no difficulty in proving either. I leave you all I possess, to do what you think proper with.

WALTER. (Draws near.) Sir, I was Laura's playmate in childhood, the friend of her girlhood. Let all differences of

opinion be forgotten in this hour, and allow me to shake hands with her husband. (They shake hands.) Any directions that you may give me, as regards your wife, or in any other way, will be faithfully attended to. Perhaps sir, you may not be mortally wounded.

FRANK. I thank you for your kindness, but nothing can save me. I am bleeding to death. Take care of my wife until she reaches home. Kiss me, Laura, once, and I will know that I am forgiven. (Kisses him.)

DICK. Where are you, Walter? (Comes in.) O here you are. I have hunted high and low, but could not come across him.

WALTER. Come with me, Dick, I have something to say to you. (Dick hesitates, sees Laura—then Harrold.)

DICK. Ah! Mine enemy, have I found you at last! Out of my way, Walter Russell, or as true as God is in heaven, I will murder you. Dare you stand between me and my revenge? (Laura throws her arms over Frank, as if to shield him.)

WALTER. I dare. You shall not disturb that dying man. Fire, if you choose; when you touch him, it will be over my dead body.

DICK. So be it. (Dick fires—Walter falls. Frank tries to raise himself, and falls back dead. Laura faints over Frank's body.)

DICK. (Dropping his pistol, as if paralyzed at what he had done.) I did not mean to do it. Walter, Walter, my friend, my more than brother. My God! (Looks at him as if distracted.)

Enter Biddy, Pat, Pete.

(Biddy lifts up Laura's head. Pete kneels down by Frank. Pat, with uncovered head, looks solemnly on.)

DICK. But he may not be dead. (Kneels down by Walter, and puts his hand on Walter's heart—springs up.) He lives! Thank God! Thank God!

Curtain Falls.



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